

THE BEACON

A PAPER FOR THE SUNDAY SCHOOL AND THE HOME

EASTER NUMBER

VOLUME III.

SUNDAY, MARCH 23, 1913

NUMBER 25



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Painting, "The Song of the
Ages."—Ethel Wright.

Easter Gladness.

BY FREDERICK L. HOSMER.

O day of light and gladness,
Of prophecy and song,
What thoughts within us waken,
What hallowed memories throng!
The soul's horizon widens,
Past, present, future blend,
And rises on our vision
The life that hath no end.

Earth feels the season's joyance;
From mountain range to sea
The tides of life are flowing,
Fresh, manifold, and free.
In valley and on upland,
By forest pathways dim,
All Nature lifts in chorus
The Resurrection Hymn.

O Lord of life eternal,
To thee our hearts upraise
The Easter song of gladness,
The Passover of praise!
Thine are the many mansions;
The dead die not to thee,
Who fillest from thy fullness
Time and eternity.



An Interrupted Easter.

BY M. LOUISE FORD.

It was a merry group that set out that bright spring morning from Greenwood Academy, on their way to the final rehearsal for the Easter cantata. No shadow of impending disaster clouded the happy faces, as the girls swung gayly along the woody path, a short cut to the village.

Barbara Seaver was as happy as the rest. Turning quickly to give a laughing reply to some one behind her, the soft ground at the edge of the path, which just here skirted a ravine, gave way beneath her feet, and before any one could put out a hand to save her she was whirling down the steep, stony slope, clutching wildly at the bushes as she fell. Before her companions realized what had happened, she plunged into a group of small spruce trees, half-way down.

The terrified girls saw her suspended over the cruel rocks and the rushing river below. Then, with instant presence of mind, Ada Dorrance turned and flew back along the path, calling out:

"I'll go for help to the farm-house down the road."

She ran swiftly, her hat gone and her hair streaming behind her. Turning a bend in the road, she came face to face with a big touring car, spinning leisurely along. One glance at the frightened, tear-stained face, and the car was brought to a sudden stop.

"Barbara has gone over the cliff," gasped the girl, waving her arms frantically back towards the ravine.

One of the two young men on the front seat sprang out, and, helping her into the car, they started at once for the scene of the accident. Leaving the car at the edge of the woods, the two young men ran on ahead, spied the terrified group of girls, and took in the situation at a glance.

Their long practice in athletics proved excellent training for the emergency; and, with no hesitation, they sprang down the steep cliff, and were quickly at the side of the half-conscious girl. A shout of encouragement told the watchers above that Barbara was alive.

Around the bend in the path, in an arm-chair formed by their united hands, came the gallant rescuers, bearing a pale and battered Barbara, who, with closed eyes and swaying head, was just able to hold on to the broad shoulders that supported her. She was quickly placed in the big car, and taken to Rock-ledge, the beautiful estate the girls had so admired at a distance.

Ada accompanied her friend. The doctor's verdict was soon given,—that the poor girl, though sadly bruised and wrenched, had escaped broken bones, and even internal injury, but must be kept very quiet for a few days.

"She shall stay right here," said Mrs. Marden, cordially. "I have an invalid boy with an attendant always at hand who will know just what to do for the poor bruised little maiden, and she will be most welcome."

Ada thanked her, and went back to the girls with the cheering news.

During the next twenty-four hours Barbara dozed and knew little of her surround-

ings; but presently she opened her eyes to find herself in a beautiful but unfamiliar room.

Where could she be? Surely she had never before seen this lovely spot. She puckered her brow in bewilderment. Her hand went up to her head to find—a bandage. Then it all came back,—the dreadful fall, and the terror of those moments before she forgot everything!

"Why, it's Easter!" she exclaimed aloud. A white-capped and aproned nurse came in with a cheery smile, as she heard her patient's voice. A few eager questions were asked and answered, a cool drink was given her, and then she was told to go to sleep again, which she did quite obediently.

Two days later she was sitting up in a big arm-chair, and opposite her was a boy about her own age in a wheel-chair. His face was clouded, anxious lines marked his forehead, and his voice, as he spoke sharply to the attendant, was fretful and unhappy.

"Say, you had a great smash-up, didn't you?" he said, in an attempt to be sociable, after a few preliminary remarks were exchanged.

"Well, I should think so, if the mirror tells the truth!" was the merry reply. The worst being over, Barbara could treat the matter lightly. "Shouldn't you think a girl my size could 'stand up on her feet'?" Why, I've travelled that path for the past three years, and so have lots of other girls, and nobody ever did such a foolish thing before. Leave it to me to set the fashion," and she laughed merrily.

"Hm! glad if you can see any fun in it," was the gloomy rejoinder. "I got smashed up myself, but I can't see that it's amusing."

"Oh, is that so, how?" returned the girl, with quick sympathy.

"Football. Just started in as captain of the High School team, and I got a bang that knocked me out. Twisted knee. My fun's dished for good and all."

"Oh, that's too bad!" was the hearty reply. "But perhaps it won't be so serious. Aren't you getting better?"

"Why, yes, I s'pose so," was the reluctant answer. "But I want to hustle up about it. I'm sick of sitting here."

The girl looked at him with a quizzical smile, and then glanced significantly about the sunny room and out of the big plate-glass windows that overlooked a wonderful scene of spring beauty.

"'Tis a sorry sort of place to be cooped up in,—a real prison, isn't it?" she said teasingly.

"Oh, the room's all right, and the view and all that, but I want my legs. What good is a fellow without two feet to go on? All the other chaps are having good times, and I'm not in 'em," was the moody reply.

"Say, sonny," returned Barbara, using the familiar name she often gave her own brothers, "you've a bad trouble. I'll tell

you what's the matter with you: it's a case of self-pity. There's nothing worse for anybody in this world,—nothing that will make one more unhappy."

"Oh, go on. What do you mean anyway?" The boy looked up with a quick glance at the girl with the big bruise on her forehead, who smiled cheerily at him in spite of the court-plaster patches on her scratched face and the big black and blue mark that surrounded one bright eye. The tone and words were anything but polite, but Barbara's good nature was proof against things of that sort.

"I'll have to give you the medicine my mother gives me. It works every time," she said laughingly. Just then the maid came in to say that there were callers for Miss Barbara, and she was helped into her room to receive her girl friends.

Such a chattering as went on for the next few minutes! It was enough to tire a well person, and Barbara was willing to own she was tired when the girls had said good-bye, and had gone away, leaving goodies, books, and gay spring flowers behind them.

"Heigho!" she sighed, and her voice broke a wee bit. "Easter is over and gone. All those rehearsals and preparations went for nothing as far as I am concerned, for I had to lie in bed and didn't even know it was Easter Day, and the whole thing went off as well as if I had been there. The girls tried to make me think it was a fizzle without me, but I know better. I wonder why it had to happen just at this particular time? Perhaps!"

"Say, come back, and tell a fellow what you meant about the medicine?" called a boyish voice, interrupting her musings, and she allowed the attendant to help her once more to the invalid's room.

His unhappy face had on it a gleam of interest as he greeted her.

"Who were those young gabblers—or gobblers—in your room?" he queried, at which the girl laughed merrily.

"Oh, my chums at Greenwood," she answered.

"H'm, girls! I wouldn't give a rap for any I've ever seen," he ejaculated. "It's always clothes and beaux and good times,—that's all they think about."

"Thank you," returned Barbara, with mock seriousness. "I'm a girl myself. I accept the situation and won't intrude my company upon you"; and she took up a book as if about to read instead of talking more with the girl-scorner.

"Oh, well, I don't mean you. You're different, some way," rejoined the boy, hastily, in some confusion, as he realized his rudeness. "You seem like a good enough sort of fellow,—kind of chummy like, if you are a girl."

"Perhaps it's because I have three brothers, two younger and one older, and have learned how to manage them," she returned gayly.

The boy laughed, at which the attendant was nearly overcome with amazement,—the sound was so unusual in that room.

"Well, what's the medicine?" he again reminded his visitor.

"I'll write out a prescription and give it to you to-morrow before I go."

"Oh, say, you aren't going to-morrow, are you?" returned the boy anxiously.

"Why, yes, ankle's better, head's improving, and Greenwood can't possibly

get along without me another day," was the gay rejoinder; and she waved a good-night as once more she was escorted to her own room, where a dainty supper waited, and a bed that seemed the most desirable spot on earth just then.

The next morning proved bright and sunny, and there was no reason for Barbara's longer absence from school. As she shook hands with Allen, she gave him a slip of paper, saying:

"There's the prescription: I take it every time I get the blues. It's a wonderful tonic,—must be taken three times a day at least. I expect it will work wonders for my patient."

With a cheery nod and a smile she was gone, limping carefully along on her still troublesome ankle. He watched as they tucked her into the big touring car; and, when she again waved gayly to him and rode away, he felt that a new sort of sunbeam had departed from the house.

"Well, I say for it, if she isn't a peach, I'm sure I never struck one like her before. She's as good as a boy any day,—wouldn't mind having a sister or two if they'd be like her," he muttered. Then he thought of the paper he still held in his hand and opened it eagerly.

"Count your marcies,' as the darkies say. Take ten minutes, three times a day, at least. In them name over every one of your blessings, large and small. Into this put an earnest 'thank you' to your Father in heaven. Do not be surprised if the amount increases every time you take it, for this is always the case,—the gratitude must be increased in proportion.

"Per order, DR. BARBARA SEAVER."

"Count your marcies," said Allen Marden to himself, with a puzzled look on his face; "h'm!" He turned the expression over and over in his mind till the homely phrase really meant something to him. It sung itself over and over and would give him no peace, and before him trooped the procession of all the good things that were his. His head drooped in shame as the memory of his words and deeds of ingratitude swept over him. Nobody had ever said such things to him before: it was something quite new, and it set him to thinking.

He liked this plain-spoken girl who was not afraid to tell him just what she thought. He missed her, too; but she had promised to come to see him, that was a ray of comfort.

He read the prescription over again with a thoughtful face, then smiled in a puzzled way as he tucked the paper safely in his pocket for future reference.

It seemed good to Barbara to be back in school once more; and, with work to be made up, and the resting which the doctor said was necessary, the days were full. It was nearly a week later when, by arrangement with Mrs. Marden, who had become very fond of her cheery little visitor, the big machine chugged up to the door and whisked her off to call on the boy invalid.

She found him very much engrossed in a new occupation. He was taking slow and careful steps, painful, too, she guessed, by the expression of his face as she gazed at him in wonder. Allen looked up quickly with a smile no less bright and happy than hers, and exclaimed delightedly:

"Hello, Barabar! See what I'm up to! Doctor said I could try it, and I believe I can work my pedals all right, after a little prac-

Easter Time.

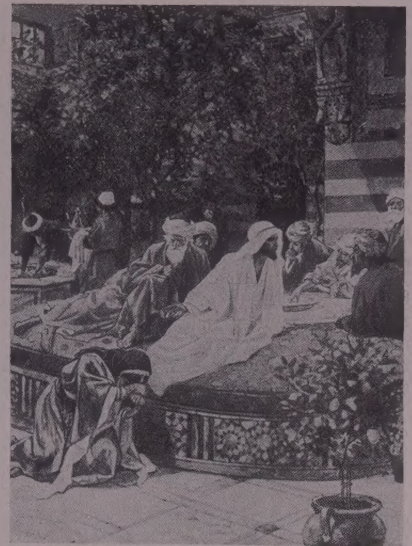
The shadows of winter, so chill and so gray,
Have passed from the meadows and hill-
tops away!

There's a shine in the skies
Born of spring's merry eyes,
And the heart of the earth grows softer each
day.

And the fairest of all things that blossom
and grow,
Sweet as the summer and pure as the snow,
Is the lily that tells,
Like the glad Easter bells,
Once more the sweet story that all hearts
should know.

For, oh, with the springtime, Easter is born!
Out of darkness and night springs the glad
welcome dawn;
And Easter bells ringing,
Their Easter song singing,
With loudest of praises, hail spring's sunny
morn.

Selected.



One whose message "brought life and immortality to light through the Gospel."

tice. Sort of stiff and clumsy now, but I'm getting there." He pushed forward a chair for Barbara, and then sat down himself with a sigh of weariness.

"Good for you, sonny; you're doing bravely; keep up the good work. There's nothing like trying, you know," she said with an encouraging smile.

"Well, your ladyship is better to look at now. Plasters and black-and-blue are not what you might call becoming," he said gayly, looking critically at his visitor. She laughed, and thought the improvement was not all on her side, but politely refrained from saying so. They fell into a lively conversation, like old friends.

"Say, that prescription you gave me is just great. Works like a charm, doesn't it?" he said eagerly, leaning forward with a confidential air.

"My patient seems to be doing well under it, I'm sure," responded Barbara. "Did you find anything to count?"

"Didn't I, though! Never knew I had so much to be thankful for. It's wonderful how many good things a fellow can think of if he tries; and, when your mind is on the good things, you seem to forget the bad ones."

"Yes, that's it. It's really the 'power that worketh in us,' you know."

"What is?" queried Allen, looking puzzled.

"This power of thought. We all have it, —it's God's power working in us, and all we have to do is to turn on the power," she said with a wise little nod.

A smile of comprehension came over the boy's face, and he looked out of the window where the spring-time glory of a new life was showing in every little twig and branch,—an Easter awakening everywhere, and a new hope in his own heart. Barbara did not guess the thoughts that came into his mind just then,—thoughts of gratitude to her, and a new vision for his whole future life.

Mrs. Marden, peeping in at the door and hearing the jolly conversation, her boy's merry laugh, and seeing the cheer so long absent from his face, thanked God that such girls as Barbara Seaver had their own place in His good world, and that one of them had literally fallen into her hands to bring to her boy the impulse of a new life.

The Survivor.

When the last day is ended,
And the nights are through;
When the last sun is buried
In its grave of blue;
When the stars are snuffed like candles,
And the seas no longer fret;
When the winds unlearn their cunning,
And the storms forget;
When the last lip is palsied,
And the last prayer said,—
Love shall reign immortal
While the worlds lie dead!

FREDERIC LAURENCE KNOWLES.

An Easter Egg Combination.

BY F. H. SWEET.

"Shall we gather up the eggs now, ma?"
"Oh, I suppose so." Mrs. Baylie spoke rather indifferently, and added: "We've got over forty dozen in the house now, an' no sale for 'em. An' I guess you can find three or four dozen by lookin' round. Beats all how the hens will lay when their eggs are no earthly account."

"We might set a few more," suggested little Baxter.

"Or try to eat more," added his sister Verta, who was twelve years old, and therefore very wise. "You know meat is awful dear, an' eggs are healthy, an'"—

"Psha!" interrupted her mother; "you know you couldn't be made to eat another egg, Verta. You wouldn't touch the three I cooked for you this morning, an' Baxter said he'd eat acorns 'fore he'd touch another. The fact is, we're all sick an' tired of eggs, we've eaten so many. An' as to settin' more, we've got a full hundred chicks runnin' round now, an' a hundred an' fifty eggs to hatch, an' ninety or a hundred old hens that are mostly layin'. I wouldn't have gone into the poultry so heavy if 'twa'n't for thinkin' the new boardin' school would be a good market. There's two hundred boys an' girls in it now, an' more comin', they say. But law! I've been there three times, an' the housekeeper wouldn't buy an egg, an' to-day she told me not to come ag'n, for she

bought everything from her brother-in-law, who keeps a little grocery store, an' drives off into the back country, where he can get things in trade for 'bout nothin'. I went to him, too; but he only offered me eight cents in trade, an' won't even give that under two or three weeks till after he gets rid o' what he has on hand an' spoke for. Well, since we've got so many eggs set an' chicks runnin' round, we'll raise 'em up, an' then eat an' dispose of 'em as we can till we work down to about thirty. That'll be plenty for our use, an' we can't afford to buy food an' sell eggs at eight cents a dozen. Seems a pity, though, for we've got such a nice place for poultry, with buildin's an' runnin' ground an' water an' all. Yes, go along an' get the eggs," as she noticed the children looking toward the barn. "Better take two baskets, for likely one of you couldn't bring 'em all. An', say, as you go by the wash-house, take three pails o' dye an' empty 'em out back o' the barn somewhere. I've colored all the clothes I want to now, an' the stuff won't keep. 'Tain't any of it a bit pizen, so 'twon't matter if the hens do get to where it's emptied."

At the wash-house Verta and Baxter slipped the basket upon their arms, and then picked up the pails of dye, Verta taking two. As only a quart or so of coloring was left in each pail, this was an easy matter.

"Seems too bad to throw it all away," sighed Verta, as they trudged on toward the barn. "It's so pretty—red an' yellow an' green."

"Do you s'pose ma would care if we saved it to color stones an' things with?" asked Baxter, hopefully.

Verta shook her head.

"You remember how we spotted up things the last time ma colored," she reminded. "Ma said she never wanted to see anything like that again. No, we must empty it out, if 'tis too bad. But isn't it funny 'bout the eggs?"

Baxter chuckled, his good humor returning.

"Sure is," he agreed. "We bringin' in so many has kept her from thinkin' 'bout our savin' out any for Easter, like we always do. It's only two days off now. My," gleefully, "wouldn't she be surprised to know we've saved out twenty-five whole dozen! An', 'stead o' three or four dozen, we'll likely find six or seven to-night, an' we can save out half like we've been doing, an' she'll never guess. An'—but look here!" stopping suddenly and looking at her with snapping eyes, "why can't we take this dye an' color the eggs in reg'lar Easter fashion? They'll look fine. An' the eggs are plenty enough ours, you know, for ma has always 'lowed us to save out at Easter time."

Verta stopped, too, and for a full minute 'her eyes snapped as gleefully as his. Then she shook her head.

"Not all the eggs," she objected, "but we might a dozen or so, just for our very own. But the rest we'll take in to ma on Easter mornin', you know, to surprise her with, an' of course she won't want twenty-five dozen or more of colored eggs. They wouldn't sell for even eight cents. S'pose we color one dozen—no, two dozen—apiece, striped an' spotted an' solid color an' all sorts o' ways, just as we like?"

"All right," said Baxter, readily, "that'll suit me."

They went behind the barn, to a grassy, secluded corner near to where they had concealed the reserved eggs, and set the pails down.

Below them, at the foot of the slope, were eight or ten acres of fine old oaks, with very little underbrush. Among the young people of the neighborhood this was known as "Acorn Grove." Beyond, at the top of the next slope, and less than half a mile away, was the new boarding school, built there on account of the healthfulness and beauty of the surroundings, and because the owners had happened to own that particular piece of land.

"Let's color our eggs right now," suggested Baxter, as he poked his head under the barn sill, and began to feel round among the loose straw. "There's plenty o' time, for we don't gener'ly hunt eggs till long after this, an' something might happen to the dye, you know. Pa might kick it over or something, when fumblin' round doin' the chores in the dark."

Verta did not answer, and, when her brother backed out with his hat full of eggs and looked at her, she was gazing toward the school buildings with flushed face and speculative eyes.

"What do you say?" demanded Baxter.

"Baxter Baylie!" exploded Verta, suddenly, "you don't suppose we could ever do it?"

"Ever do what?"

"Why! Oh, I forgot," and Verta bent toward him, and spoke rapidly, using her hands and head in energetic emphasis of the idea. And, as Baxter listened, his head began to bob, too, and his hands to paw the air ecstatically.

"S'pose we *could* do it?" he ejaculated, as soon as she finished.

"Don't know, but we'll try. Those boys an' girls down yonder might like something new, an' they're goin' to have a half holiday Easter. I heard ma say the housekeeper told her so. That head teacher is goin' off somewhere. Anyhow, we'll start to colorin' the eggs right now."

When Mr. Baylie entered the barn to do his chores nearly three hours later, they were bending their faces close down to see where to place the colors.

"Bax Baylie!" ejaculated Verta, in a self-conscious whisper. "Did you ever! There's pa now, an' it's too dark for us to hunt the eggs. Well, we'll just take three dozen of what's left here, an' then hunt the others in the mornin' an' keep 'em' all. Now slip the pails in under the barn an' place a board over 'em so nothin' can get in the dye, an' I'll look after the eggs. We'll start to work ag'in early in the mornin'."

When the children entered the kitchen with their baskets of eggs, Mrs. Baylie looked round from the stove.

"Where have you been so long," she asked, "huntin' eggs?"

"No'm, playin' an' havin' a good time, mostly," answered Verta. "An' say, ma, Baxter an' I want two or three pies to-morrow—pumpkin pies don't hurt us, you know. An' some apples, too. We're goin' to spend the day down to Acorn Grove."

"Easter picnic, eh? Well, all right. But put the eggs away now, an' then hustle round an' set the table. Supper's 'most ready. An' you, Baxter, fetch in your night's wood. You'll think it too dark after supper."

The next forenoon was spent by the children behind the barn; and in the afternoon there were many giggling journeys between the barn and Acorn Grove. Later, Baxter hunted round for several pieces of smooth board, while Verta busied herself in making brushes from hen's feathers. Then the two

bent over the boards until they had used up the small remnant of coloring in the three pails.

When the young people of the Up-Country Academy were let out for their half holiday on the morrow, they swarmed over the school-ground, and then began to spread into the fields outside. Presently one of them noticed a piece of board fastened to the gate, and stopped to stare at it a moment, then raised a shout which brought other students about him. Soon a long stream of them were racing toward Acorn Grove. The board read:—

EASTER EGG HUNT.

MORE THAN THIRTY DOZEN IN ACORN GROVE, IN NESTS OF FIVE TO A DOZEN. THE ONE WITH EASTER PRINTED ON IT IS GOOD FOR THREE PUMPKIN PIES. APPLES IN ALL THE NESTS.

25c. for the Hunt.

Verta and Baxter were standing by the bars, which opened into the grove, when the boys came rushing up.

"Say, are you the managers of this shindig?" demanded one of the boys, breathlessly.

"Yes, sir," said Verta.

"Good! Here's your quarter. But say," spreading out his arms suddenly and holding back the rush behind, "wait till some of the girls come up. Because we boys can sprint faster isn't any reason for us to gobble everything. Of course we can't stop for the whole bunch to gather, for yonder are some just toddling out of the grounds now. But we'll be reasonably fair. Pass in your quarters to this egg trust combination first, though."

The quarters commenced to rain into the outstretched hands of Verta and Baxter, and by the time fifty or sixty had gathered, their pockets were beginning to feel heavy with silver. Then the foremost boy threw up a hand.

"Can't wait any longer," he called. "The laggards must take their chances. One, two, three, and off!"

The laughing crowd rushed pell-mell into the woods, seeing which those behind hastened their steps, and for another twenty minutes Verta and Baxter were kept busy taking in quarters. Then the quarters dropped off to only an occasional one from some straggler.

It was nearly an hour before the young people began to come out, singly and in groups, some with their hands full of eggs and some with merely wild flowers they had gathered. But all were merry and laughing. One of the girls held up an egg with the word "Easter" printed on it.

"Pumpkin pies! pumpkin pies! Oh, the wholesome home-made pies," she chanted.

The pies had been placed upon a broad flat stone, where all could see, and Verta handed them to the girl with a smile.

"Now a knife, a knife. Quick! Somebody give me a knife," the girl called merrily.

One of the boys opened his jackknife and passed it to her, and the pies were cut into very small pieces and distributed impartially among the egg hunters. Then the girl turned impulsively to Verta.

"Now I want to thank you for giving us the very nicest kind of an afternoon," she said. "It's been lots of fun. Do you live in that house yonder?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's certainly a pretty place, with all those apple trees round it. Now," with a smile, "I'm going to be bold and invite my-

self to visit you some day. Would you mind?"

"No, indeed," answered Verta, flushing with pleasure at such a possibility. "I'd be glad."

"And would you give me a piece of pumpkin pie?"

"Yes, a whole one if you'll take it, and apple and mince pie, too. Mince are a lot better, but mother won't let us have them for outdoor picnics, for fear we'd eat too much."

"Well, I'll promise to be moderate. And I shall bring two or three of my girl friends along with me."

One of the boys had stepped to Baxter's side.

"What a lot of eggs you must have round here," he said. "What do you do with them all—sell?"

"No, there isn't any one to buy. One man did offer mother eight cents a dozen, but he don't want any even at that price under two or three weeks."

"Eight cents!" in surprise. "Why, my father never pays less than eighteen, and sometimes more than twice that when eggs are scarce. You see, he's a commission merchant in Washington, and makes a specialty of eggs. Often he has hard work to get nice fresh ones, and he told me to keep my eyes open when I came into the country. Why don't you ship to him?"

"How?" asked Baxter, looking puzzled. They had never thought of sending away eggs to sell. "Wouldn't they break?"

"No. We have specially made crates, with little compartments to keep the eggs from touching each other. If you'll ship to father, I'll write for him to send you some empty crates. Do you have many eggs?"

"Six or seven dozen a day, an' we've got fifty or sixty dozen of nice ones on hand now."

"Really? so many! Why, I'll write to father this very night. And he would be glad to buy all the chickens and hens, too, that you'd care to sell."

How Verta and Baxter reached home they could scarcely tell, they were in such a hurry. And the first thing they did when they rushed breathlessly into the kitchen was to empty their pockets in a great pile of silver on the table. Mrs. Baylie threw up her hands at the sight.

"For the land's sake!" she cried. "What does all that money mean?"

"We saved out 'bout thirty dozen eggs for an Easter surprise," explained Baxter, volubly.

"—An' sold 'em for 'bout a dollar a dozen," went on Verta, excitedly.

"—An' have engaged all the rest we can get for eighteen cents or more a dozen," finished Baxter.

Then they started into the story of the wonderful afternoon from the very beginning, both talking at once and as rapidly as they could, so as not to fall behind the other. But, though the amazement in Mrs. Baylie's face soon became mingled with perplexity, she must have gathered a general idea of the matter, for her first words, when at last they stopped breathlessly, were: "Now, children, you hurry out to the barn just as fast as you can run, an' gather up all the eggs. There's eight or ten hens wantin' to set right now. Put twelve eggs under each of 'em, an' then come to the house an' get what more's needed. We'll keep on settin' a while longer, I guess."

"Our Father, Which Art in Heaven."



The picture which appears above is taken from a window in the Church of the Messiah (Unitarian), Montreal. Its motive is the Lord's Prayer, the opening line of which, "Our Father which art in Heaven," is inscribed on the window. There is exquisite feeling in the figures of the young children, who, clad in their night-robes, have turned from their books and toys to kneel in artless worship of Our Father, while attendant minstrels like Da Forli's angels, perhaps the Guardian Angels of which Jesus spoke, come to make melody upon quaint instruments of praise. The window is in memory of Henry Hogan and Marian Edith Hogan.

In connection with this window and its beautiful design we shall like to think of the

Little Temple of the Lord's Prayer in Palestine, which, says the *Southern Churchman*, is perhaps the most interesting, surely the most exquisite house of prayer in the world. It was erected on the spot which tradition points out as the place where Jesus taught his prayer to the disciples. The little temple is of pure white marble with simple straight lines, distinctly unlike the architecture of the Orient. "Our Father which art in Heaven" in every known language is carved on the walls and columns, and is the only decoration of this supremely lovely place. To see it in the soft, opal twilight of the East, or at moonlight, or in the earliest dawn, is to understand the matchless words of the Master translated into marble.

Easter Bells.

'Tis said the Easter blossoms
Have such good news to tell
That every happy little flower
Is given a glad bell.

Ring, crocus-bells and tulips;
Ring, lily-bells, ring clear;
Ring, hyacinths and daffodils—
The Eastertide is here!

The day is coming when no one will be called a Christian unless he lives for humanity as Jesus lived. A new life is stirring in the hearts and minds of men and women to-day. It is a new vision of the Christ.

HORATIO W. DRESSER.

"Father," said Tommy, "I can do something you can't."

"What?" demanded his father.

"Grow!"

A. E. A.

The Watchword.



The Butterfly.

BY ALICE FREEMAN PALMER.

I hold you at last in my hand,
Exquisite child of the air,—
Can I ever understand
How you grew to be so fair?

You came to my linden tree
To taste its delicious sweet,
I sitting here in the shadow and shine
Playing around its feet.

Now I hold you fast in my hand,
You marvellous butterfly,
Till you help me to understand
The eternal mystery.

From that creeping thing in the dust
To this shining bliss in the blue!
God give me courage to trust
I can break my chrysalis, too.

By permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Patty's Easter Offering.

"I MEAN to give the most beautiful lily, in a pot, for Easter," said Patty. "I have forty-seven cents now, and I can save up enough for three dollars by Easter Eve."

"Patty, I want you to come with me to see a very sick girl," said her aunt Helen. "She was in my Sunday-school class, but I fear she will never be in it again."

Patty had never seen any one look as white and frail as little Cora did. She was lying on a tiny bed, clean and neat, in a tiny room, also clean and neat, shabby though the furniture was.

While Patty's aunt talked to Cora's mother, the two little girls looked shyly at each other.

"I hope you'll be better by Easter," said Patty.

"I hope so," said Cora, her dark eyes filling with tears. "I wanted to buy a beautiful lily for the altar, but I have only twenty-two cents, and now—now I can't go messages or do anything to earn money."

Patty was very silent as she walked home.

"Aunt Helen," she said at length, "I think I'll buy my lily and give it to Cora, so that she can send it to the church."

"It will not be Cora's gift unless she earns it," replied Aunt Helen. "I don't think that will make her any happier."

"What else can I do?" Patty was puzzled.

"The best way to help others is not to give them things, but to put them in the way of earning," answered Aunt Helen.

Patty thought the matter over, but could not see what to do. Then she had a talk with mother. Oh, how many tangles were straightened out after a talk with mother!

The next day Patty went alone to see Cora. The little invalid was sitting up in bed.

"I came to see if you knew how to knit?" said Patty.

"Oh, yes, I do," cried Cora, eagerly.

"Then would you knit me some things, —comforters and garters, and perhaps a pair of mittens, for the Indian sales?" said Patty. "I will bring the wool, and pay you for the work, too."

Little Cora's eyes were very bright.

"Oh, that is too good to be true!" she said. "I can earn money for the lily after all."

Throughout that Lent—which was a very mild and sunny one as to weather—Patty went often to see Cora. All her own earnings were turned over to the little knitter. When Easter Eve came, she had paid Cora two dollars and twenty-eight cents. You will see how much Cora had if you remember what she started out with.

Poor, little crippled Cora could not go out to choose the lily. That pleasure was Patty's. And in her many visits she had grown so fond of the little girl who could not run about that it was with scarcely any heart-ache that she saw Cora write the name of the church and the clergyman on the card which was tied to the lily.



Oh, how beautiful that lily was! How white its blossoms, how shining its green leaves, how sweet its fragrance!

"It will look lovely on the altar steps," said Cora, a great joy in her eyes. "Suppose nobody had given me any work?"

"Then you would have offered your disappointment to God, and he would have taken that as an Easter offering," said Aunt Helen. "But I am glad you had the lily."

"Aunt Helen," said Patty, as they walked home from the early Easter service, with the memory of the flower-decked altar, the perfumed silence of the great church, fresh in their memories, "I meant to have offered my disappointment—about not sending a lily—as my Easter offering, but I hadn't any disappointment to offer. I was just glad—only glad."

"You had offered the disappointment in Lent," replied her aunt. "And God had changed it into joy—as he does all disappointments really offered to him."

FRANCES HARMER,
in The Christian Register.

Spring is Here.

Glad brooks leap, and sparkling sweep
Mountain torrents, river-won;
Light-winged fly the bluebirds by,
And their trillings rippling run
'Cross the sunrise to the sun—
Spring's begun.

Golden thrills wake daffodils,
And their hearts warm noons ensphere;
All the hues rich sunsets lose
In the crocuses appear;
Dazzlingly the hill crests rear—
Spring is here.

White as mist by moonlight kissed,
Crystal as an angel's tear,
Lilies shine, as oped for sign,
That the Easter-time is near!
Jubilate—ring it clear,
Spring is here!

C. E. WHITON-STONE.

What Have we Done To-day?

We shall do so much in the years to come,
But what have we done to-day?
We shall give our gold in a princely sum,
But what did we give to-day?
We shall lift the heart and dry the tear,
We shall plant a hope in the place of fear,
We shall speak the words of love and cheer,
But what did we speak to-day?

We shall be so kind in the after-while,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall bring to each lonely life a smile,
But what have we been to-day?
We shall give to truth a grander birth,
And to steadfast faith a deeper worth,
We shall feed the hungering souls of earth;
But whom have we fed to-day?

We shall reap such joys in the by and by,
But what have we sown to-day?
We shall build us mansions in the sky,
But what have we built to-day?
'Tis sweet in idle dreams to bask,
But here and now do we do our task?
Yes, this is the thing our souls must ask:
"What have we done to-day?"

NIXON WATERMAN.



The Awakening.

"Dear old Mother Earth," a little snowdrop said,
Lifting up the covers of her cosy bed,
"Do you hear the children crying for the flowers
Sleeping in your bosom through the wintry hours?"

"Give me my white bonnet, tie its ribbons green;
Send me on my journey, though the winds are keen;
Bid me haste, and tell them every blossom fair
Soon will waken, smiling in the soft spring air."

MIRA CLARKE PARSONS.

The Easter Bunnies and the Lily.

BY PHILA BUTLER BOWMAN.



ONE day, when the winter had grown late, so late that the trees were all looking gray and wet, and all the icicles had dropped off or dripped away, and the sap was creeping up slowly and feeding hosts of hard little buds almost to bursting, and the horses' feet went *plash! plash!* in the mushy snow,—one day the old Easter Bunny looked out of his winter covert and said to his Bunny-wife, "It is high time we set out to look for the Easter Lily."

Then the old Bunny-wife replied, "Yes, it is high time we set out to look for the Easter Lily."

So they set off happily together. By and by they met the young Hoot-owl.

"Where are you going, O Bunnies?" said he, "For surely you seem in a hurry to be."

And the old Easter Bunny replied:—

"We go where the Lily-of-Easter grows fair,
And all who would seek it may go with us there."

"Oh, thank you kindly," said the gray Hoot-owl. "I should like to go with you; but tell me, who will gather the Easter Lily for us when we find it?"

"That I do not know," said the Easter Bunny, "but I know some one will be there to gather it for us. I know that whoever would gather the Easter Lily must never have been unkind."

"Who, who, who?" said the gray Hoot-owl.

The Easter Bunny said no more and they journeyed on together—the old Easter Bunny, the Bunny-wife, and the gray Hoot-owl.

A lilac tree swung over their path and a plump Robin was dipping and rollicking there. When he saw the Easter Bunny and the Bunny-wife and the gray Hoot-owl, he called in a merry voice:—

"Where are you going, O Bunnies?" said he; "For somewhat you seem in a hurry—you three."

And the Easter Bunny cried out in answer: "The Lily that groweth at Easter we seek. If you would go with us, your wish you may speak."

"Oh, indeed," cried the Robin, "there is nothing I should love better than to go to look for the Easter Lily; but who will gather it for us?"

"That we do not know," said the Easter Bunny; "but this I have been told—that no one can gather the Easter Lily who comes with pride in his heart."

"Who, who, who?" said the gray Hoot-owl.

"Cheer! Cheer!" said the Robin. "Surely some one will be found to gather it." And he joined the little party of the Easter Bunny and the Bunny-wife and the gray Hoot-owl, and they journeyed along together.

Sitting on a tiny bridge was a great green Frog. When he saw the Easter Bunnies and

their friends, he looked at them very sharply through his bright eyes.

"Where are you going, O Bunnies?" he cried. "Would you like another to hop at your side?"

And the Easter Bunny made answer:

"We go where the Lily-of-Easter grows fair.
You surely are welcome to go with us there."

"Thank you," said the big green Frog. "I am indeed glad to go with you to find the Easter Lily; but, tell me, who will gather it when we find it?"

"That I do not know," said the Easter Bunny, "but of this I am sure—no one can gather it except one who has known nothing but love."

The big green Frog looked his wonder, and the voice of the Hoot-owl sank almost to a whisper as he asked, "Who, who, who?"

But the Robin said, "Cheer! Cheer! Some one will be found to gather it," and they journeyed on together.

Suddenly they saw something glowing like a star.

"It is the Easter Lily!" cried the Easter Bunny.

"It is the Easter Lily, and who will gather it?" cried the big green Frog.

"Who, who, who?" said the gray Hoot-owl.

"Cheer! Cheer!" said the Robin.

Then the Easter Bunny and the Bunny-wife cuddled down under an old log. The gray Hoot-owl found a great dead branch in the shadow, where he might perch. The green Frog hid in the bottom of the pool. The Robin caught on a swinging bough and rollicked and chirped for joy. And so together they waited to see who should gather the Easter Lily.

A captain of soldiers came by with his men, but he did not even see the Lily glowing like a white star.

A rich man passed, surrounded by his servants. He paused and looked at the Lily.

"Here is gold," he said to one of his servants. "Gather me that lily."

But the servant drew back.

"No," he said, "it is the Easter Lily, and cannot be bought with gold."

So they passed on.

A crowd of merry youths and maidens came laughing along. They saw the glorious white blossom and one, bolder than the others, hurried toward it, but the others held him back.

"No, no," they cried, "it is not to be gathered in play." And they, too, passed on singing.

Suddenly there came down the path a little child. She walked lightly and sang as she came. She walked straight to where the Easter Lily was shining like a star; and, stooping, she kissed it, and broke it from its stem, and turned to walk away; and, as she walked, a soft radiance fell from the blossom on her hand.

Then the Easter Bunny and the Bunny-wife came out from the old log, the gray Hoot-owl lifted great wings and dropped from the shadowy dead branch, the big green Frog leaped from the pool, and they looked till the little child passed out of sight, then, turning, went away home very happily to tell all the other Easter bunnies and gray hoot-owls, and big and little green frogs the wonderful thing they had seen.

But the Robin flew high above the rocking branch on which he had swung and circled like a moth over a candle above the soft radiance of the Easter Lily in the hand of the little child, until the child came to a great open door and went in, bearing the white Lily in her hand.

Then the Robin turned back and flew till he came to his friends the Easter Bunny and the Bunny-wife and the gray Hoot-owl and the big green Frog, going happily along together.

"To-day," he sang, in his sweet Robin voice, "I have seen the Easter Lily, and I have seen one who is never unkind, who has no pride of heart, who knows nothing but love; for I have seen a little child—Cheer! cheer! cheer!"

THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER
TO THE FIRST SUNDAY OF JUNE, INCLUSIVE

PUBLISHED BY THE
AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION
DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

BOSTON: 25 Beacon Street.
NEW YORK: 104 E. 20th Street.
CHICAGO: 105 S. Dearborn Street.
SAN FRANCISCO: 376 Sutter Street.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE: Single subscriptions, 50 cents.
In packages to schools, 25 cents.

Entered at the Boston Post-office as second-class mail
matter.

GEORGE H. ELLIS CO., PRINTERS, BOSTON

From the Editor to You.

Easter comes so early this year that in many parts of the country there will be little to tell that spring is on its way. In some places earth will still have on its snow coverlet. Yet the sun mounts higher, and the tides of life are started. The resurrection in nature will come from a hidden but active life in plant and tree and seed. We may sing our song of gladness for the spring which yet we do not see.

The message of Easter is the message of life. That is what its symbols, the eggs and the bunnies and the lilies, are saying. That made the joy of the first Easter morning, when the followers of Jesus were convinced that his spirit was alive. So our hymns and anthems sing of "life forever, evermore." It is a happy day for us, because it makes us realize anew that here and now we are living the life eternal.

News from Sunday Schools.

There are two very large classes of young people in the Unitarian Sunday school at Andover, N.H. In the class of the minister, Rev. H. G. Ives, there are twenty-five young men; in the class taught by Mrs. Clayton, twenty-one young women.

A new Sunday school has been organized in Hemet, Cal., with Mrs. H. B. Eadie as superintendent. May we not hear from some member of this new school through the *Beacon Club*?

The Young People's Society in Nashua, N.H., raised the money to purchase a stereopticon for use in Sunday school and church. It will be used to illustrate a service to be held on the evening of Easter Sunday which will present the events of the last week in the life of Jesus. All the young people of the society are also members of the Sunday school and interested in its welfare.

A club of girls from the Sunday school at Jamaica Plain is organized for all sorts of neighborhood kindness. They began by finding something very near at hand to do, and made a hundred valentines for the Alliance sale in their church. The Editor knows how attractive the valentines were, for she received one of them, sent with the Club's best wishes. The members of the Club will please accept her thanks and appreciation.

THE BEACON CLUB. A LEAGUE OF
BEACON READERS WHO ARE WILLING TO HELP.

[Letters for this department should be addressed to the Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

Grown people, as well as children, seem to be enjoying our club. One lady writes that she reads the children's letters the first thing when *The Beacon* comes. A teacher in the Lexington Sunday school was especially interested in the letter about Martha Swarngen, because she is sending her books, cards, and lessons, and is teaching her by mail so that she may teach her younger brothers and sisters.

Our two letters this week are both from Sunday-school members who enjoy our little paper and read it regularly.

PLYMOUTH, MASS.,
Jan. 27, 1913.

Dear Miss Buck,—I enjoy the puzzle page of *The Beacon* so much that to-day I have been making up a list of flowers which I hope will be good enough to publish.

I am twelve years old and a member of the First Parish Sunday School. There are eight girls in my class, and we are trying very hard to have perfect attendance during the Sunday-school year.

We have for a hymn book "A Book of Song and Service."

Sincerely yours,

RUTH WARREN MORTON.

12 WALKER STREET, CAMBRIDGE, MASS.,
Feb. 6, 1913.

My dear Miss Buck,—I would like very much to join the Beacon Club. I have taken the paper for the last three years and enjoy it very much. I do not know as I have anything more interesting to tell you than the work that I am doing for the First Parish (Unitarian) Sunday School of Cambridge, Mass. Every Sunday morning I have to give out the attendance cards to the teachers before the service begins. Then during the lesson periods I go around to the different classes and collect the cards and the collection. The cards are arranged so that there are two terms of four months each. The first term is called the Christmas Term, and the second one the Easter Term. After I have collected the cards I punch holes in them for those who are absent, and then mark down in a book the records of each class. At the end of each term Miss Bates, the superintendent, reads a list of those who have had perfect attendance, and those who have not been absent more than twice. Last year she had twenty-seven names to read at the end of the Christmas Term, and this year there were sixty in all. I hope that this is not too long a letter for you to print, for I am sure it would interest other Sunday schools as well as my own.

Yours truly,

HERMAN H. HOWARD
(Harvard, 1916).

This is our first letter from an officer of a Sunday school. It is a good record of school attendance and of the care and faithfulness of the one who keeps it.

RECREATION CORNER.

ENIGMA XLVI.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 4, 7, 18, 1, 5, 3, 15, is what we put on new Easter morning.

My 4, 5, 18, 14, 9, is what we hear Easter morning.

My 7, 17, 7, 6, 10, 12, is a decoration for Easter.

My 4, 2, 14, 7, 8, 9, 3, 19, is what we all are.

My 13, 6, 11, 14, 16, 1, 3, 9, is what we listen to Easter morning.

My whole is what we ought to think of Easter Sunday.

JOYCE BRENNAN.

ENIGMA XLVII.

I am composed of 46 letters.

My 23, 26, 15, 16, 17, 34, 18, 19, is one of the months.

My 34, 38, 20, 21, 20, 35, 16, is an aid to travel.

My 1, 31, 32, 19, 7, 3, 28, 19, is one of the week days.

My 37, 2, 4, 24, 16, 23, is to be made of wood.

My 33, 12, 23, 39, 40, is a part of a year.

My 8, 14, 11, 22, 13, is the full amount.

My 5, 6, 9, 43, is a long month.

My 47, 42, 36, is a pronoun.

My 25, 27, 38, 23, 30, 29, 16, is a movement of the stars.

My 46, 45, 44, is a great pet with many.

My whole is a command.

N. F. J.

DOUBLE DIAMONDS.

A consonant; to summon; a sound of trumpets; a precious stone; wide; finish; a consonant; a letter; a preposition; to make clean; dividing with a sharp tool; a numeral; the last; a consonant.

The centrals consist of a precious stone and an action, and form an occupation little known.

YOUTH'S COMPANION.

A CONUNDRUM.

What was the difference between Joan of Arc and Noah's ark?

WILLIAM L. BRADLEY, JR.

NUMERICAL PUZZLE.

(1) 8, 5, 14, 18, 25,—23, 1, 4, 19, 23, 15, 20, 8,—12, 15, 14, 7, 6, 5, 12, 12, 15, 23, was a great American poet.

(2) 8, 15, 18, 1, 20, 9, 15,—1, 12, 7, 5, 18, is a great author of books for boys.

(3) 20, 8, 5, 15, 4, 18, 5,—18, 15, 15, 19, 5, 22, 5, 12, 20, is an ex-president of the United States.

(4) 14, 1, 16, 15, 12, 5, 15, 14,—2, 15, 14, 1, 16, 1, 18, 20, 5, was a great French general.

(5) 23, 1, 19, 8, 9, 14, 7, 20, 15, 14,—9, 18, 22, 9, 14, 7, was a great writer.

(6) 5, 12, 19,—23, 8, 9, 20, 14, 5, 25, was a great inventor.

LEONA A. CHURCHILL.
ANNIE H. SHEINKER.

BEHEADED RHYME.

On muster day the boys were —
Each nerve to show a splendid —
When suddenly the cry, "'Tis —,"
Proclaims ill-luck begun;
From fine cockades the beauty —,
Adown their uniform is —
The streams that spoil their fun;
Crestfallen, homeward they are —,
When lo, a bright bow over —
Tells that the rain is done.

The Myrtle.

ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 23.

ENIGMA XLII. Gene Stratton Porter.

ENIGMA XLIII. Alton Haven Robinson.

TWISTED BIBLE NAMES. 1. Abraham. 2. Solomon. 3. Jerusalem. 4. Samuel. 5. Manasseh. 6. Egypt. 7. Moses. 8. Bethlehem. 9. Joshua. 10. Micah.

CROSS-WORD ENIGMA.—Youth.

POETICAL CONUNDRUM.—The letter "E."

A PUZZLE.—Too wise you are,
Too wise you be;
I see you are
Too wise for me.

Answers to Enigmas XXXIV. and XXXV. have been received from Frank M. Pierce, Bangor, Me., and from Leona A. Churchill and Annie H. Sheinker, of Boston.